# THE BEST PAGE OF SPORT IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

In El Paso, James J. Corbett, W. W. Naughton, Tom S. Andrews, Monty, Auto-Graph, Ruth M. Augur And Damon Runyon, Write Exclusively For the Herald.

### Corbett Inclined To Deprecate Ability Claimed For Frenchman

By James J. Corbett Ex-Heavyweight Champion of the World.

Corbett Incidentally States That He Believes That Al Palzer Is the Best of the Present Day "Hopes"-Other Interesting Gossip.

Who now contributes weekly to The El Pase Herald's Sporting Columns.

more recent contest with Sailor rosker. As a result the Pittsburg-

farmer boy from lows.

RANCE bonets a "white hope" in Georges Carpentier, the 18 yearold boy who knocked out Jim middle-weight champion of England, in two rounds at Monte Carlo last week. Dispatches described the "great enthusiasm" that prevailed at the ringside and told of predictions freely made that Carpentier is the "coming heavy weight champion," of the

"coming heavyweight champion," of the world.

Risher strong claims for a lad who has accomplished no more than the comparatively easy task of disposing of Jim Sullivan. It is not so long ago that Billy Papke caused the same gentleman to take the count of ten, and William was about all in himself at the time. Still Carpentiar's "win" was very impressive, and it took only a few minutes to establish his superiority, whereas Papke consumed nine rounds on the job.

We have so long regarded skill with the gives as peculiarly British and American that the pretentions of the French experts will in all probability be given scant consideration and little credence pixced in the stories of the mighty prowess of this newcomer to the ranks of championship aspirants.

And yet in America we have had two puglistic champions within the ken of the present generation who were descended from the French; and they certainly could fight some. Tommy Bynn and George (Eld) Lavigne, were both of French parentigs, and champions in their respective classes for years.

However, so far as Carpentier is

However, so far as Carpentier is cancerned it is snother story. He is a mere boy and those who are planning his future in the prizering will do wenter charge. It will be several years yet before Carpentier will come into maturity, and in his case the best policy will be to 'make haste slowly.' . . .

Although at Paiser has signed to box twenty rounds on July 4 with England's heavyweight champion, Bombadier Wells, his manager announces that a little thing like that will not stand in the way of arranging a tenround contest with Carl Morris or any other aspiring white man in the interim.

interim.

The National Sporting club has offered a purse of \$11,000 for the pair, but Morris refuses to box there owing to the fact that Palser's manager. Tom O'Rourke, was formerly connected with that institution as match-maker. This appears to me a rather poor excuse. The managers of the National have "come through" with the most liberal offer and the highest bidders are entitled to the match, it would most liberal offer and the highest hidders are entitled to the match, it would
seem to any fair-minded person. The
long drawn out controversy over the
battleground is growing tiresome and
it is high time the men came to an
understanding. The deiny aggravates
Gotham aports who have been looking
forward to this scrap as the fistle treat
of the season ever since Morris beat
Kennedy and Palzer triumphed over
hasfman.

I "see by the paper" where Bob Fitzsimmons said he could take hold of Morris and fit him for a hattle with the champion inside of three months. I doubt if fits was correctly quoted, or if so whether he has ever seen Morris in action. Anyone who would undertake the job of making a champion out of Carl in ninety days would discover he had a contrast on his hands. A number of competent trainers have been working on the Okiahoman for over a year now, and as yet he has failed to show anything like a real highclass performance.

I am not attempting to underrate Morris. He may be all his friends claim for him, but one would think he would show an occasional fash of it in his fights. His best performance was when arrayed against Tom Kennedy and then his work was good only by comparison with the miserable showing of the latter who was not anywhere near his best form.

If asked for sh opinion I would say that Al Paizer is by far the most promising of all the "white hopes who have sprung into public notice since Jeffries met defeat at Remo. Palzer has youth and strength; so has Morris. Both have stamina in abundance. In the Fiyan battle Morris's recuperative powers were put to a severe test and found not wanting. And no were Palzer's in the fight with

were Palzer's in the fight with

Paiser has aggressiveness and the fighting apirit, departments in which Morris is shy. The latter reminds me somewhat of the late Gus Ruhlin in that respect. Gus might have been champion had be been more on the offensive in his battles. And Paiser's hiting powers are superior; at least he has used them to batter advantage. champion had be been more on the offensive in his battles. And Palser's
hitting powers are superior; at least
he has used them to better advantage
than Morris. In my opinion there is
no white man who gives greater

full of ambitious youngsters striving for recognition in the profession. I remember while playing at a local theater a prominent saloon keeper visiting me with a protest of his whom he claimed could whip any lightweight in the city if given a chance. The object of his call, he said, was to ask me to use my influence with promoters to secure a match for the boy. He was so enthusiastic about the young man's skill that I consented to help him. To make a long story short a bout was arranged for the following week. A preliminary scrapper of little reputation was chosen for the "fall guy." The next few days I had the life pestered out of me, the saloon man would call to tell me how fine his "marvel" was working and what he would do to the other fellow, etc. Finally the night of the match arrived. When the boys shook hands and the bell rang for hostilities to commence the preliminary fighter walked up to the "boy wander" and soaked him one flush on the law. About ten minutes later Mr. Saloon-keeper succeeded in reviving his "discovery." He was a disappointed and a very angry man, If ever I saw one. "Why didn't you fight" he fairly yelled at the lad.

"Fight" returned the boy faintly: "how could I fight after they put the lights out."

### MATTER OF FORM MEANS VERY MUCH

tn Every Sport In Marks Maximum of Action With Minimum of Effort—Sporting News.

### (BY LEWIS ARMS)

You have watched the ball player who, from the moment a ball was hit to him, until he had fielded it and tossed It to the first baseman, seemed o personify poetry of motion.

That poetry of motion is nothing more or less than that big essential to a successful athlete which for want of a better title is called "form."

There isn't any outdoor or for that matter an indoor sport requiring physical exertion to which there is not form. It is the grace of handling one's self and incidentally the means of getting the maximum of action out of the minimum of effort. That really defines form.

Two important middleweight matches have been arranged for the latter part of the current month. Frank Elaus and Jack Dillon are to go twenty rounds before Coffroth's club in San Francisco, while Eddle McGoorty and lingo Kelly are flirting with promoters in the middle west to stage their acheduled ten round encounter.

Kiaus and Dillon boxed in Pittaburg a few weeks ago and accounts of the battle favored the Indianapolis man. Certainly Frank did not show the form his admirers predicted, nor did he display championship class in the more recent contest with Sailor Petroskey. As a result the Pittsburgthe case of champions there is

er has suffered a considerable slump in prestige. This may be due to a neglect of proper training, as it is said Frank is not the most willing worker while preparing for a bout. No such excuse as tack of condition will be accepted this time. Kiaua will have to put top speed on when he enters the ring with the sturdy Dillon.

As for McGoorty and Kelly, the former aught to score earlly. I saw Eddie box in New York and he impressed me as a high-clars workman. Kelly at his best never had anything on him and I will not be very much surprised if Hugo decides to follow in Bill Papke's footsteps and retire from the ring after the McGoorty combat.

Speaking about systems, that is, if we were speaking about systems, there

Speaking about systems, that is, if we were speaking about system, there never was one invented yet that would keep a sucker from being separted from his money.

Quick, Hepsibah, the soup spoon. They're talking about the south pole now, in a wrangle as usual. Apparently the poles don't care who

discovers 'em.

The only kind of fighter whe is more professional than a professional is an amateur. They gotta quit kickin' Jeff's goat

I have talked with a number of prominent business men this past week in Chicago and am very much surprised to find the sentiment so strongly in favor of a resumption of professional boxing. Mayor Harrison's announcement that he is in favor of the sport under conditions which will safeguard the public, reflects the marked change in sentiment.

The lid was clamped down tight in Chicago for a number of years and local sports have been forced to hike out of town any time they hankered to see a boxing match. A plan is now under way to draft a bill based on the Frawley law in operation in New York that will be introduced at the next session of the legislature with such strong endorsement as to practically assure tits passage. In enlisting mayor Harrison on their side the fight fans have made a brilliant start.

All this excitement among Chicago . . . We were getting along very sicely with this war until the genuine war correspondents from the "netropolitan" dallies had to come along and spotl it all. Naturally the troubs get stage fright and wouldn't act, then.

Obstinger in the other fellow is what

# JEFF'SGOME-BACK

Wonder if Los Angeles Pug Has Nerve to Want to Meet Johnson.

### (BY W. W. NAUGHTON)

San Francisco, Cal., March 9.—There was a rumor a few days ago-a fairly well defined rumor, it may be statedthat Jim Jeffries is becoming restive in his retirement, that his hat is in the ring, as it were, and that he is consymed with a desire to wipe out the indignities thrust upon him by Jack Johnson at Reno a year and a half ago. As dir. Jeffries refused either to con for r deny the report, it created a small ripple of excitement. It's just as well, in fact, that Jeffries kept his lips closed and thereby gave the rumor an air of instability. If he had confirmed the story without further ado, it might have grieved nim to discover how little the pupile is interested in his puglistic

the public is interested in his puglistic ambitions.

It serves to show the changes a year or two bring about. Not so very long ago, when selfries after much hanging back, announced his readiness to box Johnson, the news created worldwide commotion. Now that he is seriously suspected of a similar design, all that is heard is an occasional snicker.

Has the Inclination.

Yet they say it's true; that the hope of bringing about another clash with the negro springs eternal in the lefties breast, and that the only reason big Jim has not been more definite in regard to his purpose is that he is maintaining his old policy of unbecoming himself a bit at a time. Now that some kind friend has broken the leafor him, it is prophested that efficial confirmation of the rumor will shortly be forthcoming and that Jeffries will devote himself to the furtherance of his scheme brespective of sheers and lears from the sporting body.

"Here's the way of it," said a well known wine man who is friendly with Jeffries and was in the old days. This new notion of Jeffries is not based on the expectation of making money. Jim has told me not once but a dozen times that, if it hadn't been for the financial aspect of that first night with Johnson, he might never have come out of retirement but this is a different proposition. To begin with, Jeffries believes he was doped that July day when he faced Johnson at items. You know what a close-mouthed fellow he is He will not reveal the source of his information, but he says be has been me possessed of convincing information that his suspicions were well founded. He knows and everyone who saw the fight knows, that he was net himself limit day, He believes that, if he had felt as well as he did on any of his ordinary training days, he could have licked Johnson. He has been taking good care of himself—has been taking good care.

Why Shouldn't Johnson Be?

Why Shouldn't Johnson Bel As Johnson is perfectly willing to oblige, it seems that the only taking needed now is some definite declara-tion of his intention from Jeffries him-self. If that were forthcoming, it is

self. If that were forthcoming, it is reasonable to suppose that a purse and a hattleground could soon be located. Personally the writer has no expectation of steing the thing come to a head, indecision was always one of Jeffries's characteristics and he is likely to abandon this new project on some pretense at an instant's notice But, if he comes out of his shell and decides to go right throngs with the thing, it is interesting to speculate on the kind of a fellow Jeffries will appear when he has pitched camp and is in full swing of training.

has pitched camp and is in full swing of training.

To begin with, he will probably be more tolerant of and more approachable by newspapermen. Time was when think correspondents dared not approach the awful presence of the chambron unless conveyed by Bill Delaney by some other soft-voiced, kindhearted mediator. Those were the days when coor rattled photographers used to get heir legs entangled with their tripods while endeavoring to make the most of a few minutes granted by the big lighter.

fighter.

There may not be any Jim Corbetts or Joe Choynskis around Jeffrier's next stronghold and probably no Bob Armstrong croaking eternally "dis man Johnsing hab no idea what he is goin' against; no idea." There will be less unwarrantable enthusiasm and more work in all probability.

work in all probability.

Might Bring Back Prestige.
One thing that will increase Jeffries's stock of determination will be the idea that, if he can everthrow Johnson, he will not only revenge himself and regain the championship, but restore all the credit that was his before he fought Johnson first and which he was deprived of whon Johnson laid him low. The knowledge that he last his all in the shape of prestige through the defeat by Johnson must be one of the bitterest pills Jeffries was forced to swallow. Before that day at Reno he was the Jeffries who licked Jim Corbett. Bob Fitzslmmons, Gus Rublin and all the rest of them.

After that day he was rimply the Jeffries who was licked by Johnson.

### Fighters Rival Ball Players In Their Adherence To the Mascot



Featherweight champlon Johnny Kilhaue and his muscot and the man he bent for the title. The picture above at the right above the new king of the little fellows, holding John Kilbane, Jr., his daughter and mascot in his grms. Abe Attel who tumbled before Kilbane's prowess at Los Angeles is abown in the small portrait below. The other pictures present Killiane in fighting togs and street dress. The champion is quite as much a besa hrummel as was the late Stanley Ketchel, according to the picture at the left.

then sailed into the feathers and finally wound up among the lightweights.

Kilbane's muscot is none other than Mary Kilbane. This mascot has bright blue eyes, a roguish little mouth, dimples in her cheeks and brownish hair on the top of her head. For Miss Mary is just 15 months old.

In his carliest ring battles in his home town, Cleveland, Kilbane entered the ring with the remembrance fresh in his miss of a parting kiss on the cheek of little Mary. Later, when Kilbane became a more important personage, it was not always possible to take Mary around the country with him, but he never let an opportunity pass to send some word to the youngster just before he entered the ring. On the ave of his fight with Abe Attell in Los Angeles, kilbana wired the youngster in the arms of her mother in Cleveland: 'Papa is going to win for little Mary and will be champion tomorrow.' Every reader of sport knows now whether that prediction came true. Lost His Mascot; Lost Fight. Terry and his masot disagreed, there was an abundance of tears and they parted. The very next fight Terry lost it was Young Curbett who laid him low.

Stanley Ketchel had a mason during the most spaces ful days of his career.

the most successful days of his enreer. He was known as "Little Toby" and was a little hunchback whom the late middleweight champion met in New York. He liked the lad and his super-Notable instances of boxers with mascets in both past and present are Bob Fitasiminons, Stanley Ketchel, "Knockout" Brown, Terry McGavern, Pediar Palmer, Bill Lang and Freddy Welsh. silitons about hunchbacks being lucky led him to engage the little fellow as a second for all his fights. "Little Toby" was in Keinhel's corner when he beat Papky. Kelly, the Sullivan twins and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. Finally One of the most peculiar massots a bexer ever had was the kangaroo's foot which was the asset of Fitzsimmons. In the usual course of events "Lanky Bob" was a man of iron neives, but it is a safe bet that if he had happened to lose his kangaroo's foot on the day of a contest, he would have refused to enter the ring. He would have refused to the silken scarf which he wore around his waist and then enter the ring without a quaim or quake.

Needless to say he attributed all his

Some Other Tallsmen.

One of the most peculiar massots a

and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Finally there, was some kind of a muse and Ketchel defached 'Little Toby' from his retinue. A month later Ketchel was shot dead out in Missouri.

Dan Morgan, manager of 'Knockout' Brown, the New York lightweight, thought he saw supersittions virtues in 'Little Toby' and engaged him as a second for Brown. The Manhatian hot has ind remarkable success ever boy has had remarkable success ever since and "Little Toby" still does duty

the aliken scarf which he wore around his wests and then enter the ring wittout a quaim or quake.

Needleas to say he attributed all his success within the hempen square to this possible mascot. The flery Cornisinmin also peasessed a live heat, which used to be his faithful companion in his early days, during his long walks which are part and parcel of practically every boxer's training.

The old-time English featherweight star, Pedlar Paimer, had a mascot of a more useful kind. It was nothing less than the green trunks he wore. The marvellous little battling machine used to rugard these trunks with an air of fawe, and many were the comments that would be passed upon their shably appearance when he entered the ring. But Pedlar was like Far Tanguay, and he didn't care; he had never heard the referce give a decision in his opnoent's favor while he wore them; consequently where Pedlar went, fless trunks went, too.

But at last there came the fatal day in the first round by Terrible Terry' Metiovern. It was the last time the old green trunks were worn, after having garbed their owner in eight years of champlomabin dights.

Palmer's conqueror also had a mascot. It was a "rise"—a beautiful stage funcer, and surrounding the tale of Terry McGovern and his victories came with monotonous requisity. He cleared out all the bantum weights,

Baseballball Player Steps Into First Place in National Singles, 664.

Chicago, March & "Judge" George V. Howard, of Chicago, was elected predident of the American Bowling congress here yesterday.

Other officers elected were: A. L. Langtry, Milwaukee, secretary: D. O. Francisco, Denver, member executive committee.

Objoans made succeasful bids for the leadership in the individual event of the American Bowling congress tournament.

William Elwort, of Toledo, former third baseman of the Toledo American association, but now manager of the Montgomery such of the Southern league. Sropped 684 pins, the highest individual score relied here so far.

High score in the doubles went to John Hazerty and B. Canilek, also of Toledo. Thoy rolled 1539, which put them in third place.

Washington, D. C. and San Francisco, made blifs for the 1911 tournament, but the congress voted to leave the decision with the executive committee.

GENE M'GOVERN AND WILLIE CANGLE AMBLE TO A DRAW Kansas City, Mo., March 2.—Gene Mc-Govern, of Boston, and White Catola, of San Francisco, featherwelling, fought 10 fast rounds to a draw here last night.

Easter Sunday, April Sth.
Don't fail to order your spring clothes for that excession before the rush Order now. R. V. Pearson, fine Royal telloring. He Texas St.

Goat Lymph Strangth Tableta



## Spring Training In Texas---Why Not?

